

THE QUIVER

—and Saturday, June 30, 1856. Price—



(Drawn by C. J. STANILAND.)

"Come here, Maggie. Gie's yer opinion."—p. 642.

THE M'GILLOWIES OF M'GILLOWIE.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH, AUTHOR OF "A LIFE DRAMA," "ALFRED HAGART'S HOUSEHOLD," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE village of Halycross lies on a sandy bent of one of the Scotch southern counties—a long, straggling line of brick-built and red-tiled houses, with feathers of blue smoke, on pleasant summer days, bending in the direction of the wind—and with a seaward outlook directly to the west. Halycross lies quite close to the sea;

it lives on the sea. Its men are big-booted, baggy-breeched, and tarry, with countenances red as boiled lobsters; its women red-ankled, many-petticoated, sandy-haired, freckled, and scaly. The village is entirely a fishing one, and from end to end you will not hear the sound of the shuttle or the tool of any artificer. It does not possess even a smithy. At one end a large fleet of boats, their pitchy seams blistering in the warm sunshine, and their owners' names painted in white letters on the sterns, are drawn up on the sands. A rude pier or jetty runs out to sea in the neighbourhood of the idle boats; and beside a little tower at the end, on warm evenings, the fishermen sit, and smoke and talk with their comrades in the fishing smacks that lie alongside. The village is amphibious. There is one style of dress common to all ages, and the girls are the images of their mothers, the boys of their fathers—only reduced in size, as if seen through the wrong end of a telescope. All about, on the pier, before the houses, in the enclosures behind, fish-offal may be seen—all about, fish-offal may be smelt; and amidst this fishy odour, during half the day, men are darning nets, and women scooping orange mussels out of violet-coloured shells for bait. Halycross is not a specially pretty or interesting village, but, under favourable conditions of atmosphere, it is remarkable for a variety of colour. There is the blue, twinkling sea, to begin with; the brown of the sandy bent on which the village stands; the red houses, with blue smoky plumes; the sandy moor behind the village, full of rabbit-warrens, and shagged with rude grass and gorse; far away the dark green gloom of woods; and above the woods a grey range of hills. All this the pedestrian notes as he walks towards Halycross from the south; and if he has an eye for the homely picturesque, which is often the best picturesque of all, he is certain to be much satisfied therewith. But the best time to see the little village is at sunset, for, as I have said, Halycross fronts the westward, and consequently the sinking sun and the village look each other straight in the face. That is the time to see Halycross, for then the window-panes are rubies; the jetty and the boats are steeped in warm light; the bunched girl passing with a fish-creel on her back, has a glory in her sandy hair; and the moor behind, with its rabbit-warrens and patches of gorse, is clothed with a light which makes it beautiful. On such summer evenings, too, the fishing folk sit in front of their houses, and chat and talk; so that you have not only the sunset, but the smoke of the evening meal, and the laughter of those for whom the evening meal is preparing, and who have worthily earned it, ascending into the sunset together, each lending a charm to the other.

Fifty years ago the sun was setting in the sea, and the seaward-looking village windows were

sparkling, just as the sun had set and windows had sparkled many a thousand times before. Work was done in Halycross for the day, and on a smooth stone, on one side of the door of his dwelling, Tom Flucker sat and smoked, while on the other side his wife, seated on a wooden bench, was darning stockings. In front of them stood Walter Menzies and Peter Kennedy, two young fisher lads, and just when these people become of interest to us, they were all in a roar of merriment.

"Wha, then, do you think, Peter, is the bonniest lass in Halycross?" asked old Flucker, as he ceased his guffaw, and replaced his pipe in his mouth, while the sunset glittered on his wife's knitting-pins, as she too ceased laughing, and looked up. "Dinna be blate, Peter; speak out, man," went on the old fisherman, as he blew forth a great cloud of tobacco smoke.

"Maybe he hasna made up his mind," cried Menzies, as he nudged his companion slyly in the ribs. "Pate's vera slow, vera slow. The bonniest lass wull hae grown an auld woman before he's dune considerin'."

All this while Peter, standing against the sunset, was in a broad grin; his hand was in his curly locks, after a sheepish fashion; he was evidently ready to confess the name of the object of his admiration, if only natural shamefacedness would let him. Peter stood thus, when Menzies, winking covertly to old Flucker, cried—

"I wager he's thinking o' crooked Meg Telfer, but he disna like to tell."

"No, no," cried Peter, colouring; "it was o' Mirren Watson I was thinking—she's the bonniest lass I ken;" and then, when thus drawn unwittingly into confession, he blushed deeper than ever.

"Od, man, but you hae a queer taste," said Mrs. Flucker, still busy with her knitting-pins.

"Every fish in the sea has its ain feeding-ground, and every man on the land too," cried Menzies, in a tone of mock explanation, and as if anxious to prepare a scientific basis for Peter's avowal.

Just at this moment, when the young fisherman's face had become uncomfortably hot, and when he was ransacking every corner of his brain for a retort wherewith to revenge himself on his mockers, his sister came up—a fair trim damsel, short-petticoated, shapely-ankled, the upper part of her body clothed in a striped *jupe*, and the sunset in her eyes and hair. As she came up she was singing, and with a salutation would have passed on; but Flucker, who had finished his pipe now, and was knocking the ashes out of the bowl preparatory to a fresh charge, called out—

"Come here, Maggie. Gie's yer opinion: we're arguin' wha's the bonniest lass in Halycross. Wha do you think is?"

"Hersel', ye may be sure," said Mrs. Flucker, looking up.

"Ye needna hae thocht that when ye were young—if ye can mind onything sae far back," retorted the nettled girl; "and if I should think I am the bonniest, I can, maybe, get some ither body as fulish as mysel' to think sae tae."

"That's for you, wife," said old Flucker, looking across at his spouse, with a grin in his weather-beaten eye.

Mrs. Flucker knitted composedly, and interjected the philosophical remark, "Young lasses hae sharp tongues, Tam."

"An' auld women blunt anes; flyting does that, as brawly yer man kens."

"That's for you, Tam. She'll gang aroon afore she's dune."

"Peter here thinks Mirren Watson the bonniest lass in the town," cried Menzies; "he said sae just afore ye cam up."

"Peter's a great gowk," said his sister; "he's aye talking about the lasses. A wonner what he sees in them; for my pairt, I wadna gie ae lad for twenty lasses."

"Yer thinking o' me," cried Menzies, attempting to get hold of Maggie's hand; but the girl, by a swift movement, evaded him, and ran off laughing, with a heightened colour at the naive confession into which she had been betrayed.

She had not gone twenty yards before she came running back: "Oh, Tam, Tam! the laird's comin' ridin', an' the English leddy that he's gaun to marry. We'll hae a fine look o' them as they gang by;" and with that she folded her hands in her *jupe*, and leaned against the side of Flucker's dwelling.

In a few moments the sound of hoofs was heard, and then round the curve of fishermen's houses, half on the rude roadway, half on the sandy bent, came a handsome young man of five-and-twenty, dressed in broad-brimmed hat, green riding-coat, and hessians, at a hard trot; and beside him, but nearer the sea, a lady in hat, flowing veil and robe, at an easy canter; while about twenty yards behind came pounding on a hard-faced groom, with his gaïtered knees well in to the shoulders of his chestnut. The riders were only visible for a few moments, they disappeared almost as suddenly as they had come, and the sound of hoofs had hardly ceased when Maggie asked—

"Did ye see the leddy's face? Oh! but she's bonny, bonny. I was up the other day at the Hoose wi' my creel, an' when I was comin' awa' frae the kitchen door I met her on the terrace. She was walking wi' her faither an' her mither—gran' looking' old folk wi' hawk's een an' Roman noses. And when she spoke it was like the ringing o' a' siller bell; and her laughing—and she laughed a great deal—was to the ear jist what licht is to the ee. I hope she'll be happy, but I ha'e my misdoubts."

And at this point, while the sunset was gradually

dying out, old Fletcher, his wife, Maggie, Peter Kennedy, and Walter Menzies discussed the character of the young laird, and what were the chances of happiness of the young English lady who was in love with him; and who was soon, or common report was much in error, to become his wife.

The riders who had so suddenly swept past the group of villagers assembled in front of Thomas Flucker's dwelling, and who brought to a close the half-playful, half-malicious *badinage* in which they were indulging, were Sir Andrew M'Gillowie of M'Gillowie and Miss Julia Hett—lovers solemnly betrothed; and looking forward to their marriage-day as chilly March looks forward to flowery June.

Sir Andrew was the representative of a family long rooted in these parts, and in former generations distinguished by a wild and stormy blood. In the old wild times of broil and battle, the young laird's ancestors had been by far the most turbulent in the neighbourhood, and the possessions which they acquired had been acquired mainly by the strong hand. Any one looking over the old pictures in M'Gillowie House could not help noticing that while the old lairds were, without exception, stern and truculent in appearance, their wives wore a curiously sad and pathetic expression. Perhaps they had rather dreary lives of it, these poor ladies, so grimly mated! As time went on, however, the fierceness of the fathers seemed to have died out in the race, and the gentleness of the mothers to have taken its place. Sir Andrew's grandfather was hypochondriacal and slightly crack-brained; his father was a melancholy and sad-mannered gentleman who died early; and the present laird was—what we shall know better hereafter. The country people, like most of their class in Scotland, were retentive of tradition; and while perfectly aware of this change of character in the M'Gillowies, they explained it, satisfactorily to themselves, as a retribution for the crimes committed in the older day.

The representatives of the family for a century past had been peaceable, gentle-mannered, charitable; but it was conceived that the abiding melancholy which distinguished them was the result and outcome of ancient crime. So strongly had this feeling implanted itself in the district, that the family was considered as existing under a ban; that a certain ineradicable curse of suffering lay upon every member of the family; that they were unhappy in themselves, and a cause of unhappiness to all who might become connected with them. The old men went on their wild ways and felt no remorse; and the popular impression was that the man of to-day was suffering vicariously for the misdeeds of his ancestors a couple of centuries ago. This was the popular notion; and, whether true or false, it was known to the later M'Gillowies themselves, and heightened to no inconsiderable extent

their constitutional melancholy and morbidness of feeling.

M'Gillowie House stood picturesquely on a high bluff overlooking a narrow bay, into which, when the wind was in a certain direction, the Atlantic came rolling in, filling almost with its spray the dwellings of the mansion. The coast at this particular point, from the abundance of sunken rocks and reefs, was a dangerous one; and curious stories were told by the credulous peasantry of pernicious lights having been displayed there by the old lairds to tempt vessels to their destruction—stories in which the reader is not in the least asked to believe. The house was picturesque enough, but its site was remote and lonely; it was related to the other country houses of the district just as its inhabitants were related to the other country gentry. Around the house the ground was irregular, sterile, and woodless. Indeed, with the exception of the garden—which was prettily laid out in terraces on which dainty peacocks walked with outspread trains when the sun was shining; which could boast of a dial at one end, and a moss-house with its perpetual twilight at another, of fruit trees and floral spaces beneath; and a belt of plantation, created by Sir Andrew's hypochondriacal grandfather, to the north-east—there was little vegetation in the immediate neighbourhood, except aboriginal gorse and ling. The house itself was of all kinds of architecture, amorphous and picturesque. Originally, it was the simple tower or peel of the old lairds; but succeeding occupants had added portions after their own peculiar tastes or notions of convenience. Through

all this process of addition and change, the house had become as individual as its possessors—full of quaint passages and turnings; rooms with low ceilings, and filled with queer furniture and dusty mirrors, out of which another face than your own might look; and bedrooms into which when you entered you might almost expect to see a disturbed wraith glide away. This was the character of the older building; the more modern part was convenient and spacious enough. Entrance was obtained from the terrace, and on one side was the dining-room, and on the other the drawing-room, and from the windows of each of these apartments you could step down amongst the peacocks. One characteristic of the house—its prettiest and most cheerful—was the M'Gillowie rose, a curious yellow specimen, unknown elsewhere in the neighbourhood, which, rooted in the terrace, overspread the whole modern front with foreign bloom and odour, and draped and peeped at every window. Of this rose Sir Andrew was proud, and it was the only flower he ever wore in his button-hole. The house was pleasant enough in summer, when the rosy light and perfume were all along the front; but dreary rather in winter, when the continual winds sighed and sobbed along the roofs and in the crevices, and the persistent, piteous pitter-patter of the rain was against every window, and the hoarse bellow of the Atlantic heard on the rocks below. That in such circumstances a M'Gillowie should feel melancholy, and begin to believe that the popular traditions concerning his family were true, is, perhaps, not much to be wondered at.

(To be continued.)

"BE CONTENT."

BY THE REV. J. C. RYLE, B.A.



FROM the bottom of my heart I pity that man who never reads his Bible. I wonder whence he expects to draw his consolation by-and-by. I do implore him to change his plan, and to change it without delay. Cardinal Wolsey said on his death-bed, "If I had served my God half as well as I have served my king, he would not have left me in my trouble." I fear it will be said of many, one day, "If they had read their Bibles as diligently as they read their newspapers, they would not have been devoid of consolation when they needed it most."

The Bible applied to the heart by the Holy Ghost is the only magazine of consolation. Without it we have nothing to depend on; "our feet will slide in due time" (Deut. xxxii. 35). With it we are like those who stand on a rock. That man is ready for anything who has got a firm hold of God's promises.

Once more, then, I say to every reader, arm yourself with a thorough knowledge of God's word. Read it, and be able to say, "I have hope, because it is thus and thus written. I am not afraid, because it is thus and thus written." Happy is that soul who can say with Job, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food" (Job. xxiii. 12).

Let us examine, in the last place, *the particular text St. Paul quotes* in enforcing the duty of contentment. He tells the Hebrews, "He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

It matters little to what person in the Trinity we ascribe these words, whether to Father, Son, or Holy Ghost. It all comes to the same in the end. They all are engaged to save man in the covenant of grace. Each of the three Persons says, as the other two, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

There is great *sweetness* in this peculiar promise. It deserves close attention. God says to every man and woman, who is willing to commit his soul to the mercy that is in Christ, "I will never leave thee, and never forsake thee." I, the eternal Father, the mighty God, the King of kings, "will never leave thee." The English language fails to give the full meaning of the Greek. It implies, "never—no, never—no, nor ever!"

Now, if I know anything of this world, it is a world of "leaving, forsaking, parting, separation, failure, and disappointment." Think how immense the comfort of finding something that will never leave and fail.

Earthly good things leave us. Health, money, property, friendship, all make themselves wings, and flee away. They are here to-day, and gone to-morrow. But God says, "I will never leave thee."

We leave one another. We grow up in families, full of affections and tender feelings, and then we are all thoroughly scattered. One follows his calling or profession one way, and another in another. We go north, and south, and east, and west, and perhaps meet no more. We meet our nearest friends and relations, only at rare intervals, and then to part again. But God says, "I will never leave thee."

We are left by those we love. They die and diminish, and become fewer and fewer every year. The more lovely—like flowers—the more frail, and delicate, and short-lived, they seem to be. But God says, "I will never leave thee."

Separation is the universal law everywhere, except between Christ and his people. Death and failure stamp every other thing; but there is none in the love of God to believers.

The closest relation on earth—the marriage bond—has an end. To use the words of the Prayer-book service, it is only "till death us do part." But the relation between Christ and the sinner that trusts in him never ends. It lives when the body dies. It lives when flesh and heart fail. Once begun, it never withers. It is only made brighter and stronger by the grave. "I am persuaded," says St. Paul, "that neither life, nor death, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Rom. viii. 38, 39).

But this is not all: there is a peculiar depth of wisdom in the words, "I will never leave nor forsake." Observe, God does not say, "my people shall always have pleasant things; they shall always be fed in green pasture, and have no trials—or trials very short and few." He neither says so, nor does he appoint such a lot to his people. On the contrary, he sends them affliction and chastisement. He tries them by suffering. He purifies them by

sorrow. He exercises their faith by disappointments. But still, in all these things, he promises, "I will never leave nor forsake."

Let every believer grasp these words, and store them up in his heart. Keep them ready, and have them fresh in your memory; you will want them one day. The Philistines will be upon you; the hand of sickness will lay you low; the king of terror will draw near; the valley of the shadow of death will open up before your eyes. Then comes the hour when you will find nothing so comforting as a text like this—nothing so cheering as a realising sense of God's companionship.

Stick to that word "*never*." It is worth its weight in gold. Cling to it as a drowning man clings to a rope. Grasp it firmly, as a soldier attacked on all sides grasps his sword. God has said, and will stand to it, "I will never leave thee."

"*Never!*" Though your heart often faints, and you are sick of self, and your many failures and infirmities: even then the promise will not fail.

"*Never!*" Though the devil whispers, I shall have you at last. Yet a little time and your faith will fail, and you will be mine. Even then God will keep his word.

"*Never!*" Though waves of trouble go over your head, and all hope seems taken away. Even then the word of God will stand.

"*Never!*" When the cold chill of death is creeping over you, and friends can do no more, and you are starting on that journey from which there is no return. Even then Christ will not forsake you.

"*Never!*" When the day of judgment comes, and the books are opened, and the dead are rising from their graves, and eternity is beginning. Even then the promise will bear all your weight. Christ will not leave his hold on your soul.

Oh, believing reader, trust in the Lord for ever, for he says, "I will never leave you." Lean back all your weight upon him: do not be afraid. Glory in his promise. Rejoice in the strength of your consolation. You may say boldly, "The Lord is my helper, and I will not fear."

I conclude this paper with three practical remarks. Consider them well, reader, and lay them to heart:—

(1.) Let me tell you *why there is so little contentment in the world*. The simple answer is, because there is so little grace, and true religion. Few know their own sin; few feel their desert; and so few are content with such things as they have. Humility, self-knowledge, a clear sight of our own utter vileness and corruption, these are the true roots of contentment.

(2.) Let me now show you, secondly, *what you should do, if you would be content*. You must know your own heart, seek God for your portion,

take Christ for your Saviour, and use God's Word for your daily food.

Contentment is not to be learned at the feet of Gamaliel, but at the feet of Jesus Christ. He who has God for his friend and heaven for his home, can wait for his good things, and be content with little here below.

(3.) Let me tell you, lastly, that *there is one thing with which we ought never to be content.* That thing is a little religion, a little faith, a little hope, and a little grace. Let us never sit down satisfied

with a little of these things. On the contrary, let us seek them more and more.

When Alexander the Great visited the Greek philosopher Diogenes, he asked him if there was anything that he wanted and he could give him. He got this short answer: "I want nothing but that you should stand from between me and the sun." Let the spirit of that answer run through our religion. One thing there is which should never satisfy and content us, and that is, "anything that stands between our souls and Christ."

CONSIDERATIONS REGARDING THE PROPAGATION OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

BY COLONEL MEADOWS TAYLOR, AUTHOR OF "CONFESSIONS OF A THUG," ETC. ETC.

III.

It may be remarked, in reference to the case of E—R—, which I have detailed in illustration of some of the social and domestic trials which attend conversion from Hindooism to Christianity, that the Government of India is now fully awakened to the necessity of providing by special legislation for others of the same kind; and that an Act is under preparation, if, indeed, it be not already passed, which will meet all the requirements of converts whether male or female, in cases of divorce and re-marriage, as fully as the celebrated Act in regard to the inheritance of property by Christian converts, which under the old Hindoo and Mahometan law was impossible. The profession of Christianity being thus recognised, and protected by legal enactments, much of the opprobrium which has heretofore attached to it will be very considerably modified. It is needless, however, to say that such an Act cannot affect the position of converts in regard to loss of the social status to which they may have belonged. A person in the rank and position of E—R— may be able to re-marry, to find a wife among the families of other converts; but, in this case, he must enter an entirely new social class, and abandon that in which he was born, more effectually and absolutely than by mere conversion; for such an act would undoubtedly widen the breach between him and his own family and connections, while his heathen wife, having voluntarily taken upon herself the condition of widowhood, must henceforward exist, a living reproach to him, in a degraded and dependent position, bereft of the hopes of married life, so dear to every Hindoo woman. I do not mean to say that both these conditions, and others involving much trial and suffering, have not, and will not be borne; I only adduce them to show the power and influence of "caste" in reference to the condition of any convert; and, in a greater or

less degree, they influence all classes and grades of Hindoos. It is in these cases that we can best estimate the faith and the devotion of such converts as have been made, and are being made; and the difficulties, moral and social, which lie between Christianity and the Hindoo of any caste;—the literal application, in fact, of our Lord's own words, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me"—which we, in a Christian land, can happily only experience in a spiritual sense—that has to be encountered and overcome before a Hindoo can determine to leave his own faith and accept Christianity not only as a belief, but in regard to the degraded social condition—in Hindoo eyes—which it involves.

In its progress through the world, Christianity has never had to encounter "caste" before. Among the Greeks and Romans, intellectual as they were, caste did not exist; and under the influence of Christianity, their Paganism, supported mainly by the intellectual and metaphysical powers of their philosophers, gradually yielded to a belief more simple, more satisfying, and more suitable to universal popular comprehension. It may eventually be so with Hindooism. Without the social barrier of caste, however, centuries passed before the Christian faith prevailed over the western heathen; and in India, our first century of attempt at conversion is hardly more than half finished. Were there no obstacles of caste, I, for one, believe that the progress of conversion would have been much greater; as it is, I only desire to show why it is that conversions are not more numerous, or, at least, to lead those interested in the question, to estimate for themselves the difficulties which beset any change of faith in India, which like genuine Christianity, would involve renunciation of caste privileges and distinctions, and reduce the whole of the population to one level.

There is one great example of conversion in Indian history, which proves that Hindoos, albeit

at a remote period, were not insensible to the preaching of a simpler faith than Hindooism or Brahminism. In the year 623 B.C., Sakya Muni, a Brahmin prince, was born, who died in 543 B.C. This is the Buddha, or Boodh, whose monotheistic religion spread rapidly through India, displaced Brahminism, and was propagated by missions into Tartary, China, Burmah, and Ceylon, where it still exists. This faith culminated in India probably about B.C. 300, in the reign of Asôka, then King of India—at least, of the whole northern portion of it, as far as the Krishnah river; and, at his death, declined, until shortly before the Christian era it was thoroughly extinguished by the Brahmins, who arose in greater might than ever. Buddhism prevailed, therefore, in India certainly for 400 years; and the people, for the most part, enjoyed an immunity from the religious domination of the Brahmins. But did caste disappear with Hindooism? I believe that it did not. I think if caste had disappeared continuously for 400 years, it could not have been resuscitated. The people who took up and believed the new and monstrous fables of the Purâns, which, about the Christian era, appeared as the new Brahminical revelation, and who, fascinated by its picturesque mythology, and allured by its sensuality, discarded the severe morality and cold ascetic spiritualism of the Buddhist doctrines—would have rebelled against a re-imposition of the bonds and exclusive privileges of caste. Where caste did not exist, as in China and Tartary, Buddhism imposed none. In Ceylon, where it had existed with Hindooism, very slight modification ensued, as we see at the present day; and we may safely infer, therefore, that in India, despite a temporary change to Buddhism, caste and the general divisions of the people were not affected; and we may estimate that the popular prejudices against any general social equalisation were too great to be overcome. In this respect, however, I would separate the religious faith of the people of India from the effects of their caste. Caste is not religion, but social existence, which secures social privileges; religion, therefore, may change, but not caste; and caste may be preferred above religion. Many men, discontented and unsatisfied with Hindooism, might change their faith, were it not allied with caste; and as the two are co-existent, they maintain and strengthen each other against influences from without, in, as it may be fitly termed, a harmony of adhesion, social as well as religious, for which, to ordinary Hindoo minds, Christianity does not offer any equivalent.

I may here instance other creeds in India which are directly opposed to Brahminism, and yet maintain their existence among considerable masses of the people. First, the Jains, who are Hindooised Buddhists—the compromise between the Buddhists

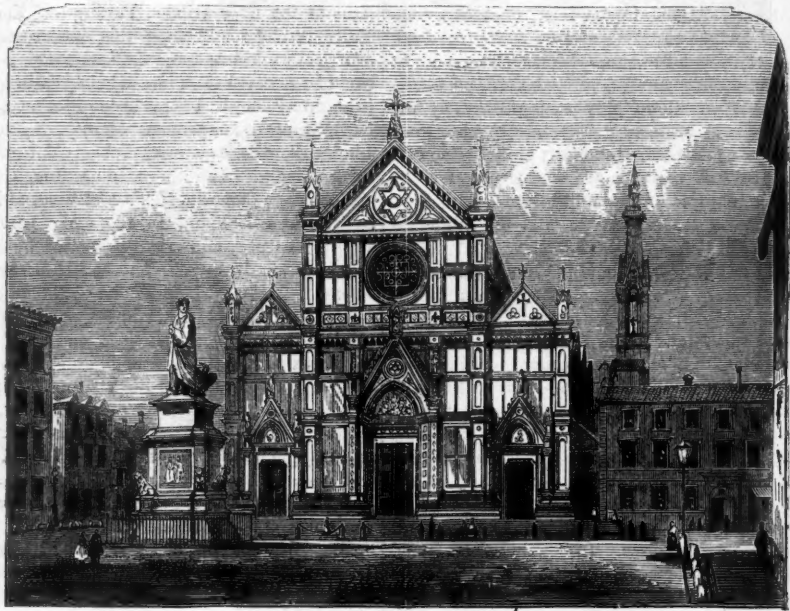
and the Brahmin creeds, which arose on the decline of Buddhism. At one period, that is from the first to the sixth century after Christ, this sect was the dominant power in Western India, and in some portions of Eastern India also; and it still exists, in a modified form, among certain classes, principally merchants and artisans. It denies the power and authority of the Brahmins, but has adopted, and mixed up with Buddhist doctrines, certain portions of the later Hindoo Purâns and the earlier Vedic theology. Among this sect caste is not necessarily extinct; and a Jain renouncing Jainism could be received back into Hindooism in his grade (whatever it might be, exclusive of that of Brahmin), *because he has preserved his caste*. Secondly, the Lingayets, who, as a sect, probably outnumber all other Hindoos in Southern India, from the Godavery to Cape Comorin. This sect arose at Kulyan, the modern Kalliani, in the early part of the twelfth century, and was propagated by a person named Chun Bussappa, who had become minister to one of the last princes of the Chalukya dynasty. Himself a Brahmin, Chun Bussappa abjured Brahminism, preached monotheism, and adopted some of the ancient metaphysical philosophy which, as well as portions of the Purâns, need not be detailed. His sect admitted of no idolatry, except the worship of the Phallic emblems of Siva (the ancient pillar and calf-worship of the Israelites and the heathens of Syria), and for several centuries a fierce controversy between this sect and the Brahmins existed, which often took the form of outrage, persecution, and war on both sides. The Lingayets still preserve their dissent from Brahminism, and the spiritual dominion of Brahmins, as fiercely and consistently as ever, but they have by no means renounced caste. In this respect they have not changed in the least, nor can Lingayets, though united by a common bond of religious belief which allows of no *spiritual* differences, break the social links of caste which have never been infringed. The Lingayet sect pervades, as I have already said, the whole of the south of India; it must number many millions of professors, and is unquestionably the most actively hostile to ordinary Brahminism, and the most consistent, as it is the most wealthy sect in dissent, now existing in India. I question, too, whether the Jains were ever so numerous. Members of the Lingayet sect can be received, like the Jains, back into Brahminism, because they have kept their caste unsullied; but instances of lapse are very rare, more so, perhaps, in proportion, than from the Protestant to the Catholic Church, or *vice versa*.

Again, thirdly, in the Sikhs, though not so numerous as the Lingayets, we have an instance of dissent from ordinary Hindooism and the adoption of *one* caste, though by no means no caste at all. Sikhs will not abandon all caste privileges

and distinctions; and any one of them can, like a Lingayet or a Jain, be received back into Hindooism of his own grade of caste. The Sikh dissent, however, is not progressive, but the contrary. Brahminism has already weakened it very considerably; and not only have many professors

relapsed into its pale, but the very vigour of Sikh dissent in general, which was aided, if not most materially supported, by a national military power, is declining under the extinction of its military existence.

(To be continued.)



CHURCH OF SANTA CROCE, FLORENCE.

A RUN-AND-READ RAMBLE TO ROME.

BY OUR OWN CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENT.

CHAPTER X.

FLORENCE: THE DUOMO AND OTHER CHURCHES.

THE Duomo, the cathedral of Florence, presents an imposing appearance. It stands as the monarch of the city, the massive centre of a noble group of buildings, including Duomo, Campanile, and Baptistry in one view. All these are built of, or at least faced with, marble of various colours, black and white predominating. Our readers who have not seen these stately buildings will perhaps, in imagination, over-estimate the beauty of their general appearance. I confess I felt a good deal of disappointment as to the effect of the marble group. The very gross idea instantly occurred to me that Jacob would have been very glad of such an expedient for producing the "ringstraked, speckled, and spotted"

cattle of the flock. The whole group of buildings presented just that sort of piebald mixture of colours in straight lines and rectangular devices. Besides, these marbles discolour so very soon as to lose much of the purity of the virgin whiteness that originally belonged to the hewn stones. I would, for my own taste, far prefer the ordinary granite stone that forms the strength and beauty of our English cathedrals. The fact is, marble is commonplace in Italy; many more things besides cathedrals are made of this material, and one gets tired of the ever-recurring marble, on floors, and street fronts, and staircases, and other places that need not here be mentioned. There is nothing very remarkable about the Duomo beyond the majestic dimensions of its lofty dome. The dome in itself exceeds in measurement that of St. Peter's in Rome. It is said that Michael Angelo received from the Duomo of Florence the conception of his yet greater



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"Look, there is the school on the hill, Nelly,
We went to as girl and boy."—p. 651.

work—the cupola of the inimitably grand Roman Basilica. There are some well-executed stained glass windows. A group of statuary, called the *Pietà*, is said to be Angelo's last work; it remains unfinished, and is a representation of the entombing of the body of Christ. There is also a portrait of Dante here, by Michelino, which has been followed by Flaxman in his well-known representation of the poet. Beggars are allowed by the authorities to prowl about the churches, and to ask alms, as they did of me, in the very aisles, and almost at the very altar of the cathedral.

We next visit the Baptistery, or church of St. John the Baptist. The ancient temple of Mars supplied the materials for the erection of this church, the god of war furnishing means to build a temple of peace. The bronze doors here are the great attraction. Michael Angelo expressed his appreciation of them by saying they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise! The building itself is constructed of black and white marble. All the baptisms that are performed in Florence are celebrated here—said to number more than 4,000 annually. The font is the work of Donatello. Statues of the twelve apostles are ranged round the building, Matthias being of the number, and Paul omitted. There are also two other figures of an emblematic character which interested me; one representing the revealed law of God—*lex scripta*; and the other representing the law of nature—*lex nature*, a figure, with the right hand uplifted, the forefinger pointing heavenward. One would think that Pope had received from this his well-expressed thought—"Through nature up to nature's God."

The church of Santa Croce is the gem of sacred buildings in Florence. It is almost perfection. It occupies the frontage of a large square, in the middle of which stands the recently-erected statue of Dante; which was, however, under canvas during my visit. The façade of Santa Croce is an exception to the general exterior of the Florentine churches; it is of pure white marble, which still retains its virgin whiteness, because it is but a few years since its frontage was erected by private munificence. The ceiling of the church is poor and mean; the floor is of brick tiles, with marble slabs and a few brasses interspersed. The church is thickly studded with memorials of great men. It is a *campo santo* in itself. Let us take a walk through the building—

On the right, as you enter, is the celebrated monument to Michael Angelo, who is described as "sculptor, painter, architect." The great artist is buried here, and it is said that he chose this spot himself, as being one from which, through the grand entrance door, when open, he could look out upon the *Duomo*, the model that suggested the great conception of his great mind. Whether new eyes and new powers of vision are granted to the

dead for seeing earthly objects I know not, but these doors are seldom opened now. However, I am sure it is no inconvenience in any way to the sleeping dead. I hope the great artist sees better, greater, and sublimer things than any of the greatest works he designed or copied upon earth! The tomb of Alfieri, by Canova, is a masterpiece. Machiavelli is also buried here, and his tomb records a suitable ascription to his fame as a "philosopher." Two monuments perpetuate the fame of the illustrious Galileo. Nor is Santa Croce without a testimony to the immortal Dante: a worthy statue to so great a man occupies a worthy place, with this short inscription writ thereon—"Honour the sublimest poet!" (The tomb of Dante is in the Pantheon of Rome.) In the side chapels are contained some very excellent works of art—paintings on canvas and wood, frescoes, statuary, &c. One of these chapels is dedicated to the Bonapartes, and contains the bodies of several members of the family. The Chapel Nicolini is adorned with a splendid picture of the Assumption. In a chapel off the northern transept, a graceful piece of pure white marble statuary, by Bartolini, is erected to the memory of Sophia Czartoryski, the Countess Zamoyska. In the same chapel, a half-size figure, erected to Macedonio Melloni, is much disfigured by pencil marks and unsightly scrawls of visitors. These spoil the appearance of the work, which is in clear, pure marble. I was glad to find that the scrawls did not contain a single English name. They were all either French or Italian. Another of the side chapels is dedicated to St. Lawrence, and contains on its walls, in fresco, a representation of the martyrdom of the saint, including the gridiron on which he was roasted, around which are represented men carrying baskets of charcoal for fuel, others looking on and mocking the martyr, and one with a modern pair of bellows blowing the fire to keep it up. The martyr himself sits slightly elevated on the bars of the gridiron, apparently contented with his lot.

The church of the Annunziata is accounted the "fashionable" church of Florence. It is very magnificently furnished inside, and richly decorated with paintings, statues, silver shrines, and gilded canopies. I visited this church on the Sunday afternoon during the performance of a vesper service, consisting of a selection of sacred music. None of the performers could be seen; they were all enclosed within a marble screen-work, a circular enclosure, without covering, placed beneath the dome. The music was very grand, and was rendered all the more effective by our not seeing the performers. The choruses ascended, at first one scarcely knew from where; and even after we had discovered the secret enclosure, the effect was not at all lessened in interest. The Virgin Chapel, on the left hand of the entrance door, is constructed of

solid gold and silver, and the most costly marbles, inlaid with mosaic work of the choicest kind. The cost of this structure was told to me, but it was something so vast as to be almost incredible. There were many worshippers at this shrine, who knelt, prayed a few prayers, and then ascended to the altar, kissed a golden plate set in the marble, contributed an offering of money, and then retired, making way for others.

While I am engaged in describing the churches and worship of Florence, I must not omit to mention that which proved most edifying to myself—I mean our own English Church, a large *sala* in the Palazzo Rinuccini, very handsomely appointed, beautifully furnished, and possessed of every requirement for a well-conducted service. Thither I resorted on the Sunday morning, and I felt the service to be more refreshing than I could possibly describe, especially after my constant visits to the Roman Catholic churches and cathedrals during the week, and the unintelligible services one came in for while going the rounds. I felt as though my mouth were opened and my heart enlarged;

and seldom have I joined more earnestly in the responses of our service than on that occasion. It was as though a restraint had been removed, and I could worship God without bowing the knee in the house of Rimmon, and without being, or appearing to be, an indifferent spectator of other people's worship. The whole service was characterised by a uniformity of audible response that touched one's very soul. We availed ourselves right thankfully of the opportunity of our own English service to open our mouth and deliver our souls in the respondings of public worship.

It is, perhaps, under such circumstances as these, of foreign travel, almost of exile, that we best appreciate the blessing and the advantage of an intelligent worship in our own loved tongue. Rome may call us "heretics" if she please. We can but answer as Paul did before Felix—"But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the prophets" (Acts xxiv. 14).

(To be continued.)

GOING AWAY.

SO you're going to leave us all, Nelly,
Going away in the morn,
Away from the home you have loved, Nelly,
The village where you were born;
Away from the fields and the flow'rs, Nelly;
The friends who have loved you here,
Your white-haired father and all, Nelly,
All, all that the heart holds dear.

New faces and friends you will see, Nelly,
To think of by night and day;
And you soon will forget the old, Nelly—
Forget when you're far away.
Another your beauty will praise, Nelly,
Your dimples and eyes of brown,
And happy, I hope, you will be, Nelly,
As far in the dusky town.

Look, there is the school on the hill, Nelly,
We went to as girl and boy,
And the woods in the evening gold, Nelly,
That rang with our shouts of joy;
And here is the lane where we sat, Nelly,
How often when school was o'er;
And you're going to leave them all, Nelly,
And maybe come back no more.

I'll be down in the morning soon, Nelly,
To bid you the last good-bye,
Though I know when I see your face, Nelly,
The tear will be in my eye;
But I'll give you my hand for all, Nelly,
I'll give you my blessing, too,
And pray, though another's you'll be, Nelly,
That Heaven may smile on you.

MATTHIAS BARR.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

THE IDIOT AND HIS DOG.

MY dear Edith, where have you been at this early hour?" said her mamma; "what could have enticed you out before breakfast, this cold morning?" "Why, mamma, nurse has been telling me about the new people who have come to live at the lodge," replied Edith. "She says they have a little boy, about nine years old, who is an

idiot. I wanted so much to see him. I tried to get a peep by going round the shrubbery. Have you seen him, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear," replied Mrs. Dallas, "he is a handsome little fellow with curly hair and large black eyes; but there is a vacant look about them which at once convinces you of the sad truth."

"Poor boy!" said little Edith. "Could nothing be done for him, mamma?"

"I fear not, my child; his mother cannot bear

parting with him. I strongly advised her trying to get him into an idiot asylum, for that is his only chance; but I cannot wonder at her wishing to keep him under her own eye, he is very delicate, and an only child."

Not many days after this conversation, Mrs. Dallas came into the schoolroom and asked the governess if she could spare Edith from her lessons, for she was going to the lodge, and knew her little daughter would be delighted to accompany her. Now it happened about this time that Edith had a young Newfoundland puppy, of which she was very fond. "Mamma, may not Nero come with us?" she said. "I have sent him away twice, but he seems determined to come." Mrs. Dallas made no objection, so Nero followed them to the lodge. Willie took a great fancy to him; he seldom spoke or noticed anything, but, strange to say, he took the dog in his arms and sat quietly nursing it.

"Do you love the pretty dog?" Edith ventured to ask; but he only stared vacantly at her, repeating slowly and sorrowfully, "Poor dog—poor dog!"

"He has taken a strange fancy to it, miss," said his mother; "I never saw him take so much notice of anything."

The next time Edith went to the lodge it was with her governess, and great was their surprise on seeing the little boy sitting on a low stool outside the door with Nero lying gracefully in his lap. He looked up as they drew near and smiled, exclaiming, "Willie's dog."

"Poor little fellow!" said Edith, "he does seem fond of it; do you think, Miss Burnard, mamma would let me give it to him for his own, to keep always? it would make him so happy; I will run and ask her." And away bounded Edith in search of her mother. Mrs. Dallas did not give her consent at first; she was afraid after a little time Edith would want her pet back again; but when she saw she had quite made up her mind she agreed.

"Oh! Miss Burnard," exclaimed Edith, as she reached the lodge quite out of breath, "mamma has given her full consent; how glad I am! I am sure it will make Willie happy."

Mrs. Brown thanked her many times for her kindness. "I am so pleased my poor boy should have some pleasure," she said, stroking his curly head; "how can I ever thank you enough!" After this Edith often went to see Willie, and was always welcomed warmly by his mother. The child did not, of course, understand who had given him his dog, but he had learnt to be very fond of Edith, who often made him a present of a new toy or book, and sometimes carried him fruit or flowers from her own little garden; in short, almost everything she had she divided with Willie; they became great friends, and the poor little boy began to look forward to her visits with

pleasure. He would play with her curls, and stroke her face, as he did his mother's, which was a token of love. One day when she had not been there for some little time she was surprised at not seeing him on his usual seat. After waiting a little, Mrs. Brown opened the door.

"Oh, Miss Edith, I am so glad you are come! My poor Willie is in such distress—we have lost Nero—we have seen nothing of him since yesterday at four o'clock, and the poor laddie takes it so to heart, we can't get him to eat or do anything, nothing seems to amuse him, he pushes everything aside, exclaiming, in a piteous tone, 'Poor dog!'"

Edith was truly sorry to hear Nero was lost, and her mamma offered a reward to any one who should bring him home safely. Brown went in search of him again that evening, but came back empty-handed. In the middle of the night they were much frightened at hearing some one un-
the front door. On striking a light Mrs. Brown found Willie missing from his bed, and, hurrying down, was just in time to see him open the door; and there stood poor Nero, panting and covered with blood. The dog was found to be more frightened than hurt, and soon recovered, to the great delight of the poor boy, who was more fond of him than ever, and could not bear to lose sight of him for a minute. I do not know what Willie would have done without him. He grew to be a fine, useful dog. Mrs. Brown would trust her little boy anywhere with him; they used to wander about the lanes together, and when Willie was very tired Nero would carry him home on his back. Sometimes they stayed out for hours together, and Mrs. Brown would begin to feel anxious, but Nero never by any chance made his appearance without his young master.

E. N.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 619.

"Impossible for God to lie,"—Heb. vi. 18.

1. I ttaí.....	2 Sam. xv. 10.
2. M areshah	2 Chron. xiv. 10.
3. P hurah	Judg. vii. 11.
4. O bed-edom's	2 Sam. vi. 11.
5. S egub	1 Kings xvi. 34.
6. S amaria	1 Kings xvi. 24.
7. I shtob	2 Sam. x. 6.
8. B ethel.....	Gen. xxxv. 8.
9. L uz	Gen. xxviii. 19.
10. E n-hakkore	Judg. xv. 19.
11. F ortunatus	1 Cor. xvi. 17.
12. O reb	Judg. vii. 25.
13. R amah	2 Chron. xvi. 6.
14. G eba	2 Chron. xvi. 6.
15. O nosimus	Philem. 10.
16. D ienysius	Acts xvii. 34.
17. T arashish	Esth. i. 14.
18. O ded	2 Chron. xxviii. 9.
19. L ibnah	2 Kings viii. 22.
20. I conium	Acts xiv. 1, 3.
21. E thbaal	1 Kings xvi. 31.

KATE ORMOND'S DOWER.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE FAMILY HONOUR," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DAY AFTER.

EDINA read the words, "Christiana Graspington," twice over before she quite realised the discovery that it was her mother's maiden name.

Her mother! What, this unhappy destitute outcast? Oh! it was too terrible! A cry of pain rose to her lips that she could not suppress. Fortunately, it was not heard; but it served to break the spell that held her like a nightmare. She left the arbour, hid the hand that grasped the case in her pocket, and walked hurriedly up and down the garden paths, her footsteps keeping time to the turbulent beating of her heart. As the morning air blew upon her temples—tears—blessed tears—flowed down her cheeks and relieved her from the sense of suffocation that had oppressed her. An hour passed like a few minutes, and then she grew calmer, could look again at the paper, and resolve in some dim perplexed way what she would do. Her grandfather, whom she had not yet seen—that stern man whom, from the report of others, she so feared, and whose coming down to Rivercroft she had dreaded rather than hoped for, must be told. Did he—could he know that his daughter had been living, if such death in life might be called so? Had he been under the same delusion as to her death as Edina had been? To perish of destitution—she a rich man's daughter—near her child, and not very far from her father's house! What must the disobedience have been that could merit such frightful punishment? Her marriage, that was the offence. Secluded as the young girl's life had been, she was well aware that inclination and duty came often into collision, and that obedience was sometimes terribly tested. She had indeed been told that her parent's sin had estranged her grandfather. But now a feeling of pity rose in her heart as she thought of the anguish that was in store for an aged father whose long-cherished anger, however just at first, had consigned his child to such a doom. She mourned both for the living and the dead—the fate of the one, and the late remorse of the other.

It added to her perplexity that either the physical or mental weakness, or both, of the poor sufferer had prevented her from writing more explicitly.

Edina longed to know something of that husband, for love of whom her mother had left home and kindred, and fallen into such depths of misery. To her girlish fancy it seemed clear that the man who had inspired such a love must have been lovable. Ah! if she did but know the utter folly of which a perverse affection may make a woman capable. Then, too, came the reflection, "Why did she give me up—her only child?" It certainly was not the act of an affectionate mother.

Sorrow has a wonderfully maturing influence. The incidents of that night and morning had done the work of years in developing and altering the lonely girl.

After deep consideration, she came to the conclusion that it was right to wait the leading of events as to making known the discovery she had made. Had not the hand of the dying required her to keep the letter secret? Did not the admonition to obedience demand devout attention? The legal investigation of the inquest must also help her decision as to the future.

The servants were now moving about the house, and she quitted the garden, and re-entered her bedroom by the same way that she had left it. Once again in her chamber, she brought her miniature and fitted it to the case. It evidently belonged to it. As she looked through her streaming tears at the lovely features, she had a dim prescience of the corroding misery that had so worn and wasted—so utterly blighted and changed the original. In the sense of extreme perplexity and helplessness that weighed on the poor girl, she felt for the first time seriously the need of some help to bear the burden laid upon her. No human aid or friendship seemed available. What could Miss Ormond know of such a sorrow as hers? or how could she lay bare a grief like this to the rough handling of Mrs. Tregabbitt? or to the scrutiny of that grim, angular kinswoman she had recently seen—Mrs. Keziah Crabbe? Her cousin Gilbert, to judge from his manner last night, appeared to have eyes and ears only for Miss Ormond. No, she could have no help from any of these connections; she looked upward in her helplessness and weakness, and sinking on her knees, poured out an incoherent petition, as to words—but the grace of supplication was shed abroad in her trembling heart; and if

"Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near,"

then, indeed, she prayed. How different the formal utterances of the languid lips, to the spirit that now strove within her—as different as the falling embers of a dying fire and the clear radiance of an upward beating flame. She felt the difference without pondering on it, and seemed drawn and linked to a life-giving and strengthening influence.

When at the breakfast hour she entered the morning room, and took her seat as usual to pour out the coffee, she was pale and heavy-eyed, certainly, but her face was calm, and her manner collected, so that Mrs. Tregabbitt, who brought Kate down with her, said, as if continuing a conversation begun up-stairs—

"Yes, my dear Kate, you must try to control your feelings, and not give way to nerves. Look at Edina here, why she's quite sto—stoic—what is it?—stoical. Yes, quite stoical."

"Not quite, with that pale face," said Kate, touching Edda's cheek with her lips, "but I'm quite ready to admit that it's as well not to talk about the sad incident—we can certainly avoid that."

Whether or not this was a hint to Mrs. Tregabbitt, they all were fain to admit the reasonableness of it, and

Edina was grateful for the relief of silence. Notwithstanding Mrs. Tregabbitt's praises of her stoicism, Edda was compelled to seek refuge in her room soon after breakfast, on the plea—by no means assumed—of a violent headache. Thus it happened that when Mrs. and Miss Clipp called at so early an hour as to be more friendly than fashionable, their purpose being to urge on Miss Ormond and Mrs. Tregabbitt to oblige them by going back to their house and spending the day with them, after a very little urging the invitation was accepted.

Mrs. Clipp was a bustling lady, whose highest standard of manly and womanly excellence was her own son and daughter. In her secret heart she fully believed no one was so gentlemanly, so clever, so sure to rise in the world, and to confer distinction on others by his notice, as her son. Then her daughter Mildred could afford to dispense with what Mrs. Clipp called trivial feminine advantages. A confidential announcement in an undertone to Mrs. Tregabbitt, who looked very shrewdly at the young lady, and seeing that she was rather sharp-featured and wiry, with hair, eyes, and complexion of the uniform tint of whitey-brown paper, and that she wore blue spectacles, came to the conclusion that Miss Clipp was doubtless very learned,—an impression that the young lady's self-assured air confirmed. Mrs. Clipp's maternal vanity did not wholly blind her, but it gave her an obliquity of mental vision quite as likely to prevent her forming just conclusions. So when she was looking at stately Kate's form and countenance, she said to herself, "If ever that tall girl comes into our family, what an advantage she will derive from associating with Mildred—how we shall form her!"

Though such overweening maternal vanity is only one of the phases of human selfishness and conceit, yet a charitable construction is often put on it, and Kate, while she saw it very clearly, thought it a "failing that leaned to virtue's side." To her so recently orphaned, there was something dear and sacred even in the weakness of parental love. She liked Mrs. Clipp, and was not ill-pleased with Miss Clipp, who thought it incumbent on her to show her talents by assuming a critical tone, and talking of the pictures in that year's exhibition, and the new books just then making the tour of the drawing-rooms, in a patronising, half apologetic, half depreciatory manner. She was a worshipper of the past, and could see no good in the age in which, to her misfortune, her lot was cast. However, she so warmly seconded her mamma's invitation, that Kate, to Mrs. Tregabbitt's great satisfaction, complied, as the latter loved nothing better than change. A glance or rather a word of Kate's reminded Mrs. Tregabbitt that Edda would be left alone, but she overruled Miss Ormond's demurrer by saying, "It is impossible with Miss Smith's headache for her to go—quite impossible; a day's quiet will be best for her."

So as the carriage was waiting, the ladies got ready at once, and went very unceremoniously to make their first visit to Mrs. Clipp's house.

Just as the carriage was leaving the door, Mrs. Tregabbitt remembered that Mr. Graspington was likely to come that day, and for a moment she debated whether she ought not to remain; but as she never was accus-

tomed to thwart her inclinations, she dismissed the matter from her mind with the suggestion, "He will hear from his grandson how we have been annoyed by this boat-house affair, and conclude that we are only too glad to get away, when a horrid jury will be most likely coming to see the place where that wretched creature was found." As to his seeing his granddaughter, or thinking of anything pertaining to Edina, that did not occur to her. The day was fine, the acquaintance new, the visit a pleasant change, and that was enough.

The tidings which Gilbert Graspington communicated at the breakfast table in Red Lion Square confirmed Mr. Graspington's previously only half-formed intention of going down to Rivercroft. He had, with more indecision than was his wont, postponed going there—an unavowed but very real unwillingness to see his granddaughter had deterred him. But as that unpleasantness must be got over, no time so suitable as when his presence and advice might be needed. He was rather startled, too, at hearing from Gilbert of "Clipp Junior" as he always called him (though his father was dead), being on visiting terms at Rivercroft, and very justly he attributed the intimacy to Mrs. Tregabbitt. "What, Clipp Junior there last night, eh? I hate a woman that's like a great overblown sunflower, all the bees buzzing about her; I've never given in to that sort of thing yet."

"Miss Ormond, sir, is not in the least like an overblown sunflower," said Gilbert, warmly; to which Mr. Graspington replied, with a sort of snarl—

"Who said she was? Not I."

That afternoon, just as Edda rose from her couch and left her chamber for the drawing-room, Mr. Graspington was setting out on his journey down to Rivercroft. It was a relief to the young girl, in her present mood, to be alone. She had by no means decided on what she ought to do in her great perplexity. She had heard from Jessy that the inquest was to be held that day at a neighbouring inn. It would be time enough when the verdict was given for her to make known—if indeed she ought—what she knew, or had been told.

Throughout the day the miniature and the letter had been her companions. Over and over again had she read the one and gazed upon the other, as if in that way she could "pluck out the heart of the mystery." When she left her chamber she had brought them with her into the drawing-room; and though for a little time she tried to read, and that failing, took out her workbox, nothing fixed her attention. Out from her bosom came again the miniature and the letter.

It happened that the servants of the house were not aware of Edina having left her chamber; the day had been singularly propitious for gossip, and Mrs. Tregabbitt and Miss Ormond being absent, the household had fully availed themselves of the privilege of talking. As some were wanted to give testimony as witnesses at the inquest, the rest were not slow to mingle with the crowd of bystanders at the inn door, so that when Mr. Graspington alighted from the omnibus he found the gate into the garden open; and, walking through unobserved, made his mental comment on the carelessness of the servants, took a turn or two upon the lawn, and then

entered one of the open windows very gently, meaning, if he did not encounter any of the ladies, to ring for the attendants, and favour them with his opinion of their watchfulness. He looked round the apartment he had entered, and was just approaching the bell, when he saw through a half open door that led into the next room a young lady, whom he took at first for Miss Ormond. The thick pile of the soft carpet absorbed the sound of his footsteps, and he drew near enough, her back being towards him, to look over her shoulder without being heard or seen. A self-satisfied expression had tightened up his lipless mouth as he approached, but soon he came to a sudden pause, his firm jaws relaxed, his eyes dilated, a light seemed to leap out from them, an instant's glance at the youthful form before him was enough. Comprehended in that glance was the miniature she held, and over which her head was bent.

He grasped her shoulder, and exclaimed, as he involuntarily shook her, "Girl, where did you get that?"

With a faint scream Edina started to her feet, writhed herself from his grasp, and, turning round, confronted her grandfather (for her grandfather she intuitively felt him to be), still holding the miniature in one hand, but with the other crushing the letter into her pocket.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FIRST MEETING BETWEEN NEAR RELATIVES.

WHATEVER thoughts had been in the young girl's mind as to meeting her grandfather, she had never imagined anything like the strangeness of their present encounter. She met his frown with a fixed look, from which all timidity was banished by deeper emotions.

"Where did you get that picture, girl?" he reiterated, stamping his foot—to which she replied by a question:

"Is it my mother's likeness?"

"And if it is, I say, where did you get it?"

"She gave it to me."

"She! What, did she dare, after I forbade it, to come from Australia? Have you been in league with her, and that——" He checked himself an instant, and Edina, bursting into tears, faltered out—

"She can offend you no more; she is dead."

"Dead!" he laughed. "Dead! What, a second time, eh? No, that story won't do with Tough Graspington. It's a stale device, girl."

"God grant I may be wrong, sir; but I fear the owner of this picture, who gave it to me about six weeks ago, is indeed dead—was found dead in the boat-house yonder last night."

Mr. Graspington drew near, and looked into Edina's eyes as if to assure himself of her sanity; then through his shut teeth he hissed out the words—

"What—the vagrant? Girl, you don't mean that?"

Edina dropped her head into her hands, and sank on a chair as her only answer.

"Stay here," he added; "don't move, don't speak, at your peril, till I come back."

When the girl, now thoroughly terrified, in the reaction of her feelings, looked up, he was gone. The miniature remained, and she was glad that, secure from his sight, she had retained the letter. As she recalled

her grandfather's look, all hope died out of her heart that he would ever pardon that outcast mother of hers, even in her grave, or that any feeling of affection on his part, or reverence on hers, could spring up between them.

"Stern, hard man, how can I ever obey him? Could my poor mother mean by her words to enjoin obedience to one so utterly without heart?"

Nearly an hour passed, and she still sat where Mr. Graspington left her, when she heard his voice in the hall in loud reproof of the carelessness of the servants.

"I might have robbed the house," he said, "if I had chosen; and as to vagrants, for all the vigilance any of you have shown, a score of them may make your out-buildings their hospital or their dead-house. I shall advise your lady to have a clearance. I'm not satisfied, if she is, with any of you."

These words brought him to the drawing-room door, which some domestic apparently preceded him to open, and was repulsed with—

"No; you may go. I know my way. Miss—that is, Miss Ormond's companion, is in there, I know. I desired her to wait my return. I shall leave a message with her. Do you hear? Go!"

In another instant he had entered the room, and with his firm, resolute step walked up towards Edina's chair. Her heart sunk at his approach; and as for an instant she tried to rise, her knees trembled so that she was obliged to re-seat herself.

"Sit still," he said, drawing a chair immediately opposite her—"sit still. I've something to say, once for all, between you and me on this matter. You were right; it was your mother, and once my daughter, that died in the boat-shed here."

"Oh!" gasped Edina, for the fulfilment of her fears seemed too terrible.

"Don't interrupt me with any oh's, and alas's, and rubbish of that kind, but listen. I've been to the inquest. I was in time to hear the verdict, 'Death from natural causes, accelerated by exposure to the weather and apparent want of the necessities of life.' Now, it's my pleasure that this unknown woman should remain unknown. She disgraced me in life; she shall not disgrace me in death. You, it seems, do know something about her. Have you told any one?"

He bent his eyes keenly on Edina, as if he would read her thoughts, as she answered, "No."

"That is so far well—for you. Now mind, I send you off instantly to France—this very night—unless you promise me that not one word of this shameful matter is ever, directly or indirectly, hinted by you."

"It is not likely that I should wish to name it."

"I should think not indeed, if you have a grain of sense or decency. I don't expect you can have much of either, remembering who and what your father was; but if you are to stay here, I must have your solemn promise, and if you fail to keep it to the very letter, I'll cast you off for ever, and you'll end no doubt as——"

"Oh, don't," said Edina, inexpressibly shocked. "Sir, it sounds like an imprecation. How can you be so stern?"

The last words escaped her involuntarily.

"How can I be, girl? Why, that wretched outcast made me so. There was a time when I worked for her, had faith in her; as far as a man of my nature yields to affection, I suppose I loved her." He spoke the words with contemptuous impatience. "How did she repay me? She threw herself away on an utter scamp."

"Sir, did you ever know him?" cried Edina, stung to defend her dead father.

"Know him! Would I know a wretch that I could have prosecuted as a felon? What did he do? He sent me a newspaper containing tidings of your mother's death. He did it to obtain the money for her funeral. He had insured her life, and he contrived to get that. He burdened me by sending you, a pining infant, with an abusive Irish nurse, ready to say and swear anything. And I, not able to bear the sight of you—do you wonder at it?—packed you off to nurse and school; and, I don't deny it, should have been glad if you had died. But children like you, whose lives benefit no one, do not die."

"I can't help being alive," faltered Edina.

"No. Your rascally father said something of the kind when he had the assurance to dun me for money a year after his infamous cheat. Don't interrupt"—she was about to speak—"listen. To get rid of this wretch and his wife, I gave them a sum of money to go to Australia, and continued an annuity to them as long as they stayed there. I never read a line of the many letters the woman sent. I always tore them across and returned them, and paid their money through a bank in Melbourne. She was dead to me; and as to him, living or dead, he was nothing, or worse than nothing, to me."

"Is he dead?"

"How dare you ask me? I tell you all that I know—all that's needful to be known—that you may understand from this time forth not one word or hint is to be given about this matter. I've not made my way uphill to be dragged back by wretches like these, or their offspring."

He paused, and glared at her.

Edina rose very calmly, and said—

"Do not fear me, sir. If my mother's death does not plead with you, of course nothing I can say will. I understand you must hate me."

"That's nothing to do with it. Do you give me this promise, or are you ready to go out of the country?"

"Sir, I give this promise—now."

He either did not, in his eagerness, hear or heed the qualifying word "now" that ended the sentence; but he seemed to be assured that the promise given would be kept—indeed, it was difficult to look at the young girl's face—pale, yet lighted up with resolution—and doubt her truth.

"Well; keep that promise to me, and I will try to overcome the natural feelings of repulsion with which you, as your father's child, must inspire me."

"Natural feelings," involuntarily repeated Edna, with bitter emphasis.

"Yes, natural, though I'm not accustomed to have my words repeated. You feel to me—I know you must—as I do towards you. We must meet here now and then; and as we have dismissed this subject for ever, I may say I want no title of relationship from you, and you need give me none. The people here understand me pretty well, or must learn to do so, and they will not be surprised to hear me call you Miss Smith, which at all events is a name that does not choke me, as your father's does. And from you I want only the ordinary courtesy you would show to a gentleman visiting here who had to attend to the affairs of the ladies you are domesticated with. Make yourself useful, and don't forget you are dependent on yourself. You have been educated, and must maintain yourself; I've had burdens enough."

"Sir, I'll be none."

"All the better."

"But—"

"No after-thoughts. But what?"

"If I had a little trifle of money, instead of being quite without, I would bury my—"

"Bury!" Laying his hand on her mouth, he interrupted. "There is no need. In the room, when the inquest was over, and I discovered she was utterly unknown, I headed a subscription to bury her; and now that's over."

He made the gesture for a moment of washing his hands, and then, as if throwing something from him, paced the room up and down in silence.

The summer twilight was in the sky; and in the gathering gloom, Edina followed him with her eyes, an indignant sense of wrong burning in her heart against him, and yet a conviction that the silence he had commanded was perhaps best; unless indeed she could have set that poor mother right with the world. Yet now what mattered all the world to her—the heartless, bitter world? Had she thought of another, where forgiveness is never denied to the penitent? The thought was so intensely painful that it was almost a relief when Mr. Graspington brought his walk to an abrupt standstill, and said shortly—

"So then we understand one another, Miss Smith. I'll ring for lights."

The servants, alert enough now, immediately attended, and he said before the man—

"I'll trouble you, Miss Smith, to tell Mrs. Tregabbitt that I advise in future that the house and grounds are more carefully kept from intruders. I cannot wait any longer; I will send to hear how Miss Ormond is to-morrow. Good night."

So it was as strangers—nay, nearly as enemies—that the desolate girl and her nearest relative had met and parted.

(To be continued.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE QUIVER LIFEBOATS."—We shall be glad to receive any lists which may still be out, as it is desirable to close the account without further delay. A statement of the fund will shortly be laid before our readers.—
ED. QUIVER.